

ALL NEW



beetle bailey

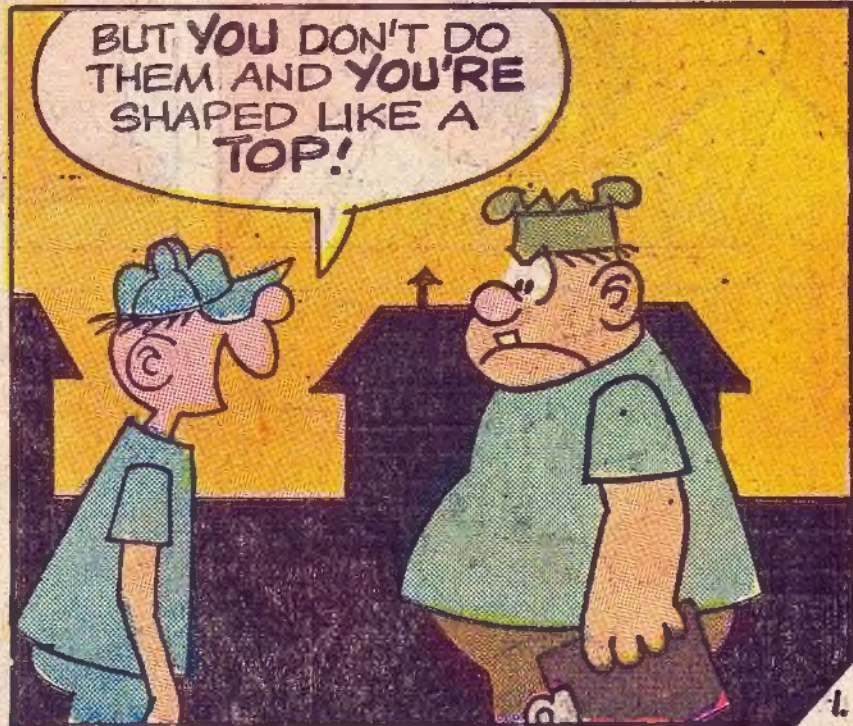


00710
MORT
WALKER

beetle bailey

by mort walker

Sarge's Shape-Up

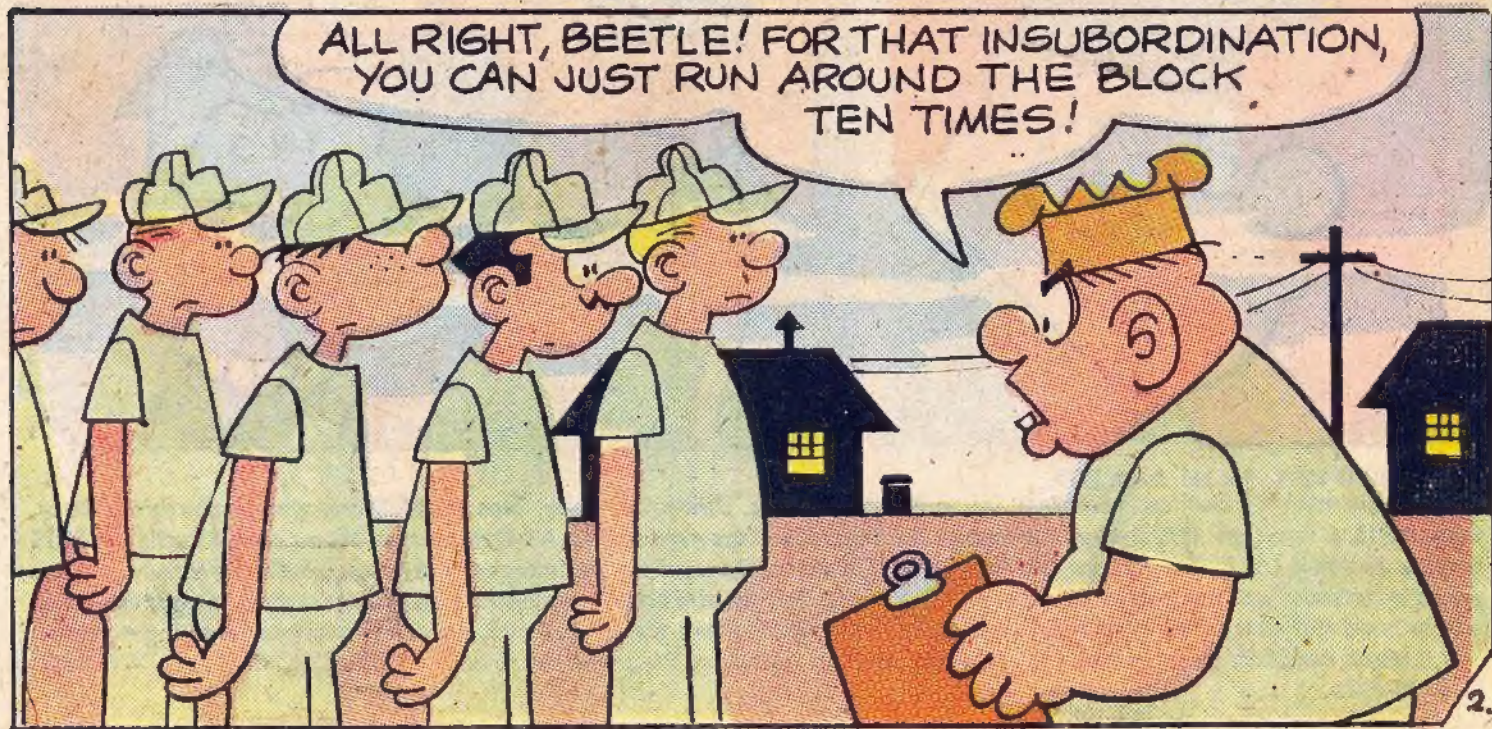
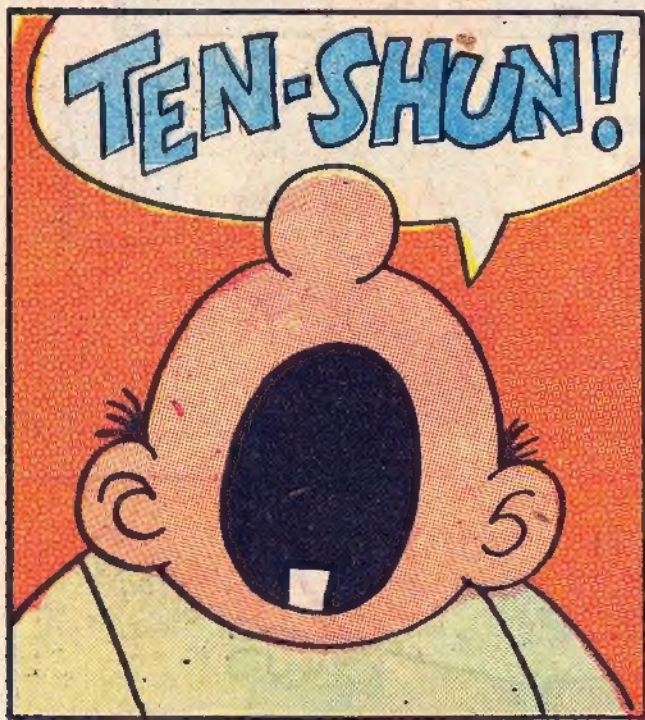
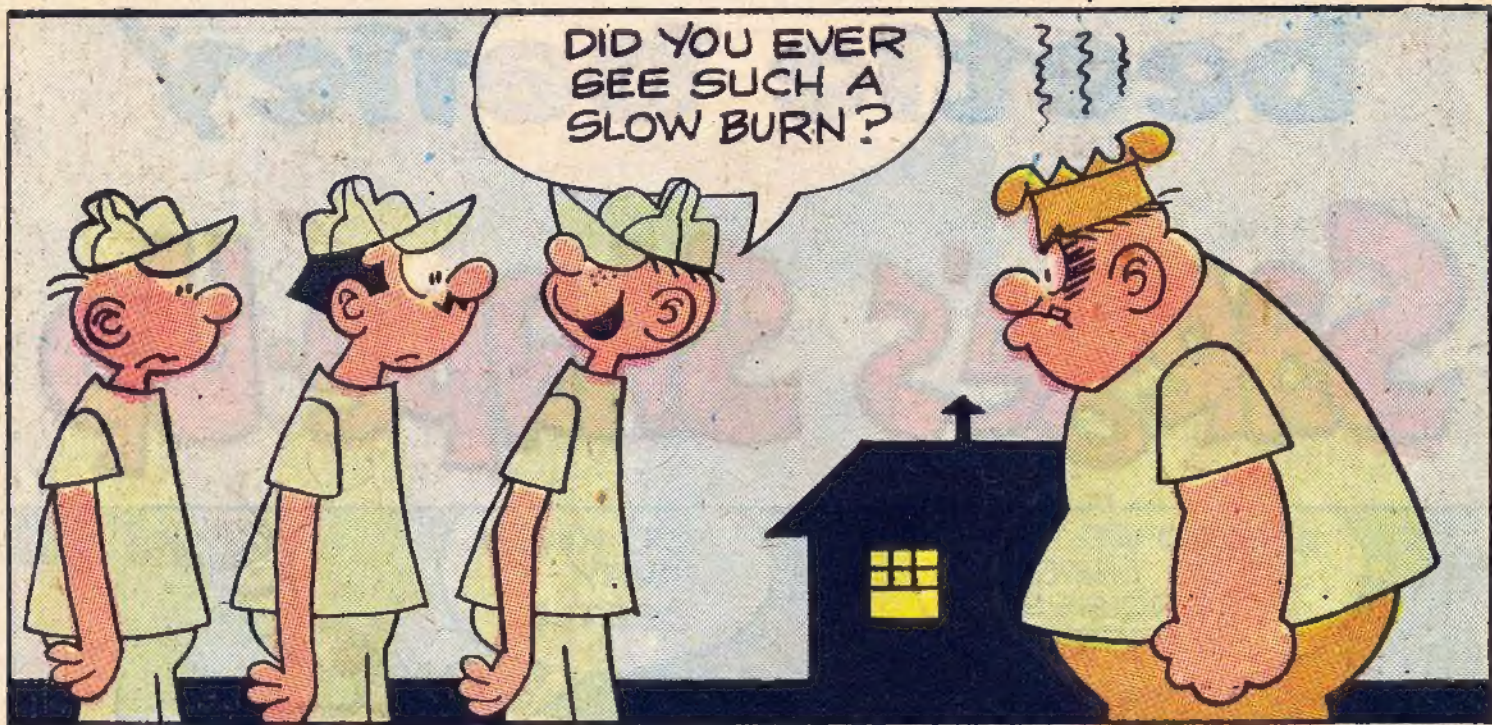


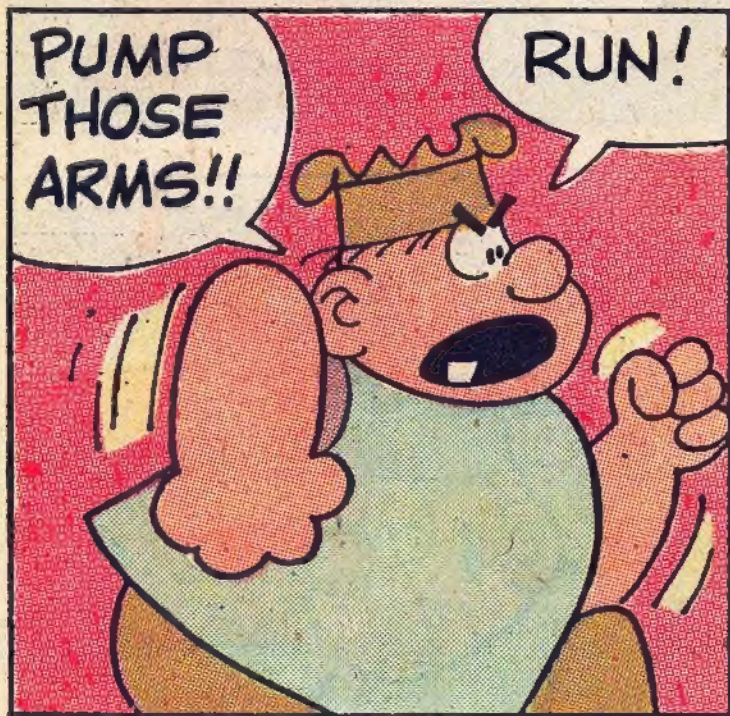
BEETLE BAILEY

BEETLE BAILEY Vol. 8, No. 111, June, 1975.

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WHOO! I DON'T THINK
I'M GONNA MAKE IT...

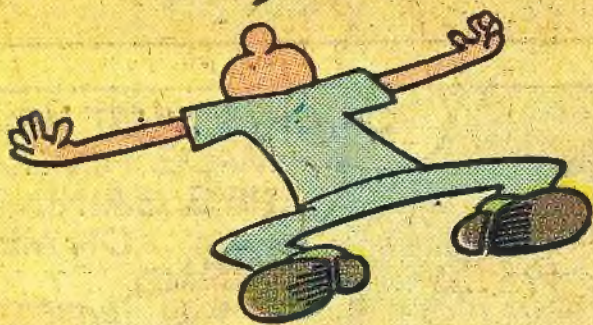


THAT'S ENOUGH,
BEETLE

SPLAT!

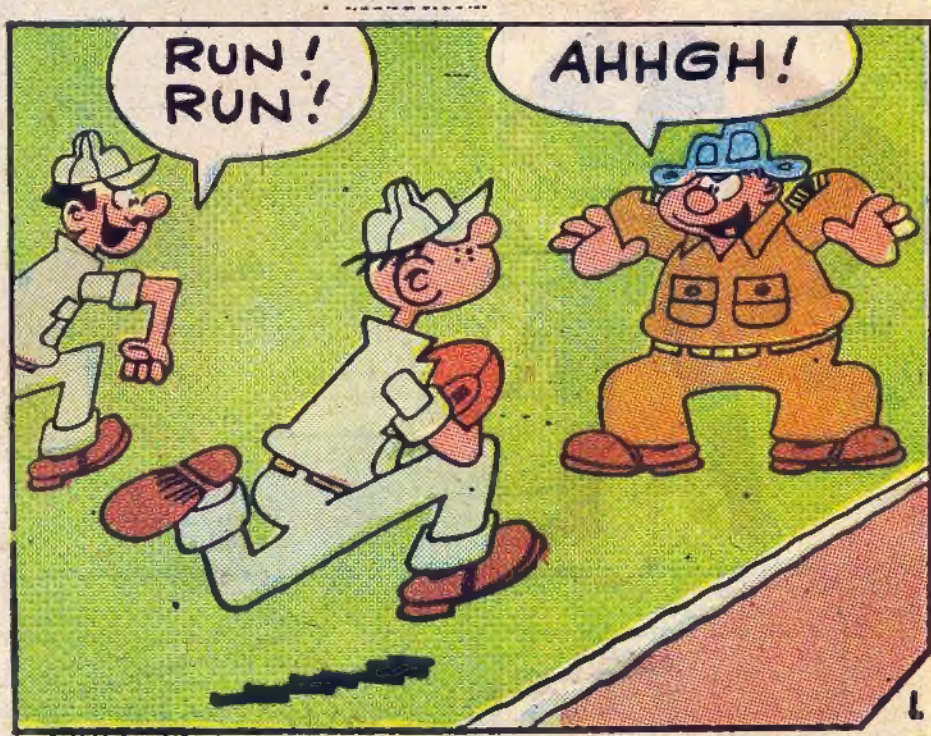
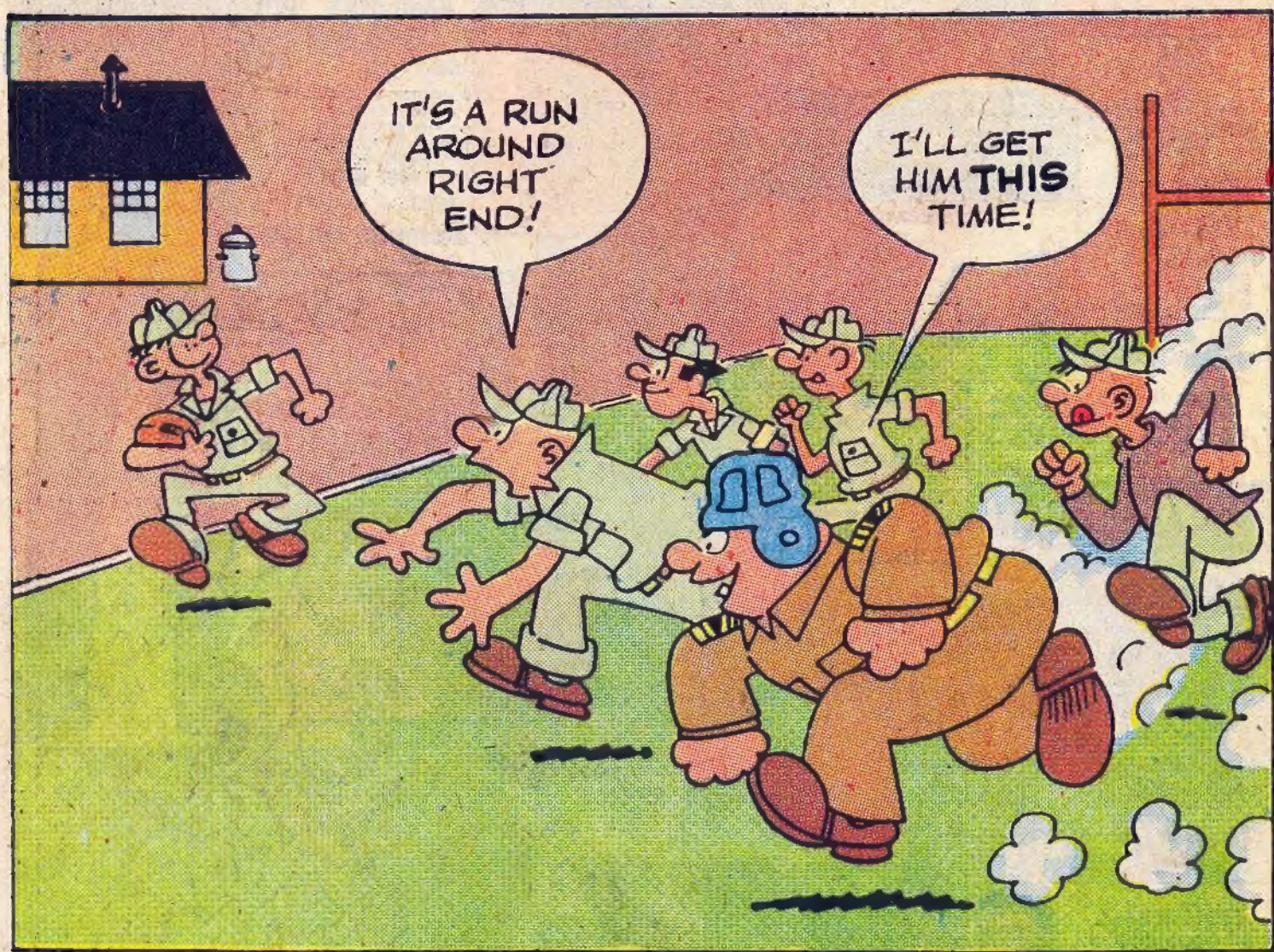


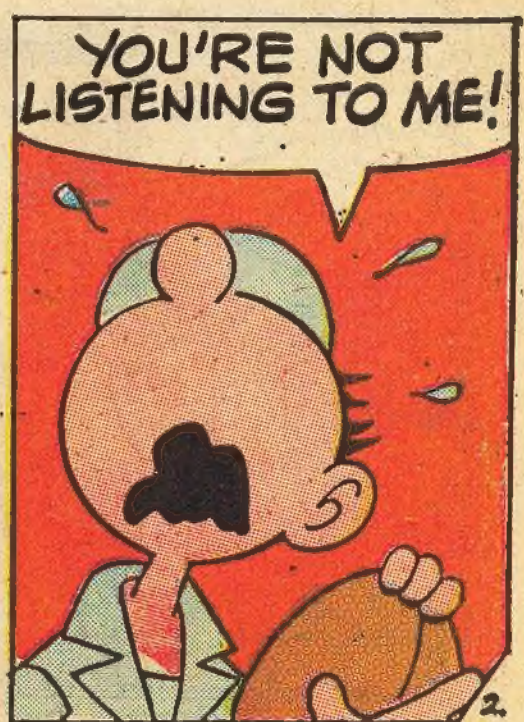
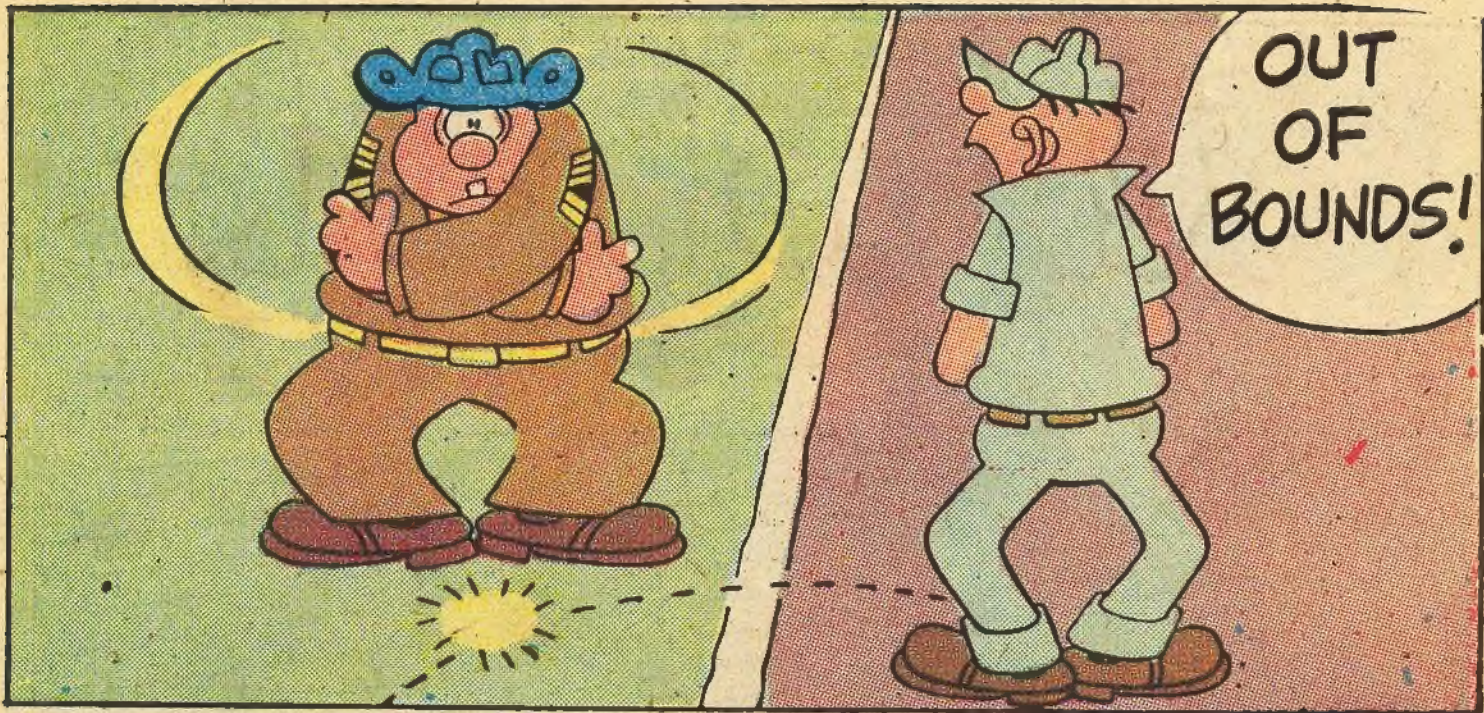
I DON'T BELIEVE IN
CARRYING OUT SEVERE
PUNISHMENT ----OR
LOSING RACES



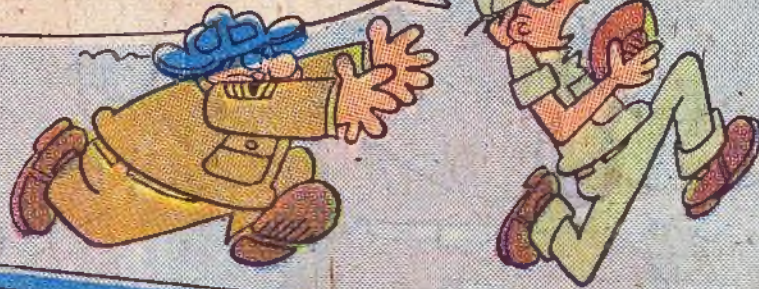
END

BEETLE'S END RUN

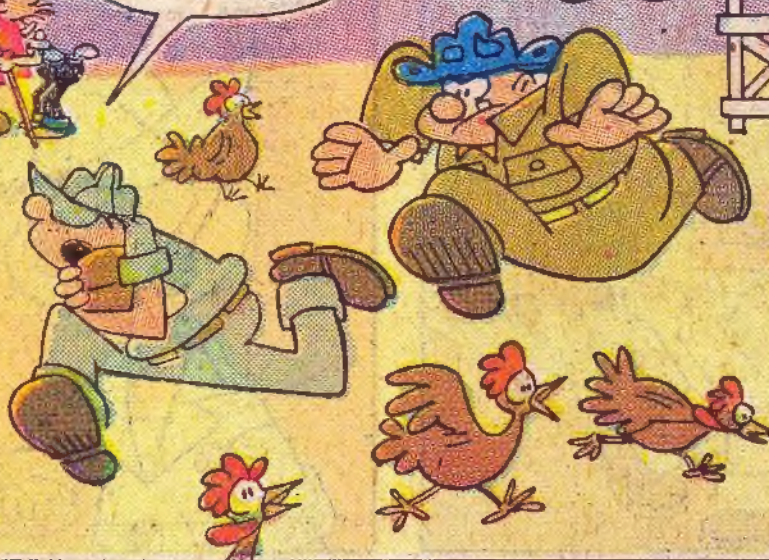




OUT OF BOUNDS, SARGE!
OUT OF BOUNDS!!



I'M REALLY
OUT NOW,
SARGE!



I HOPE
I CAN MAKE
IT!



DARN IT! WHEN
I PLAY FOOTBALL
I WANT TO
TACKLE
PEOPLE!

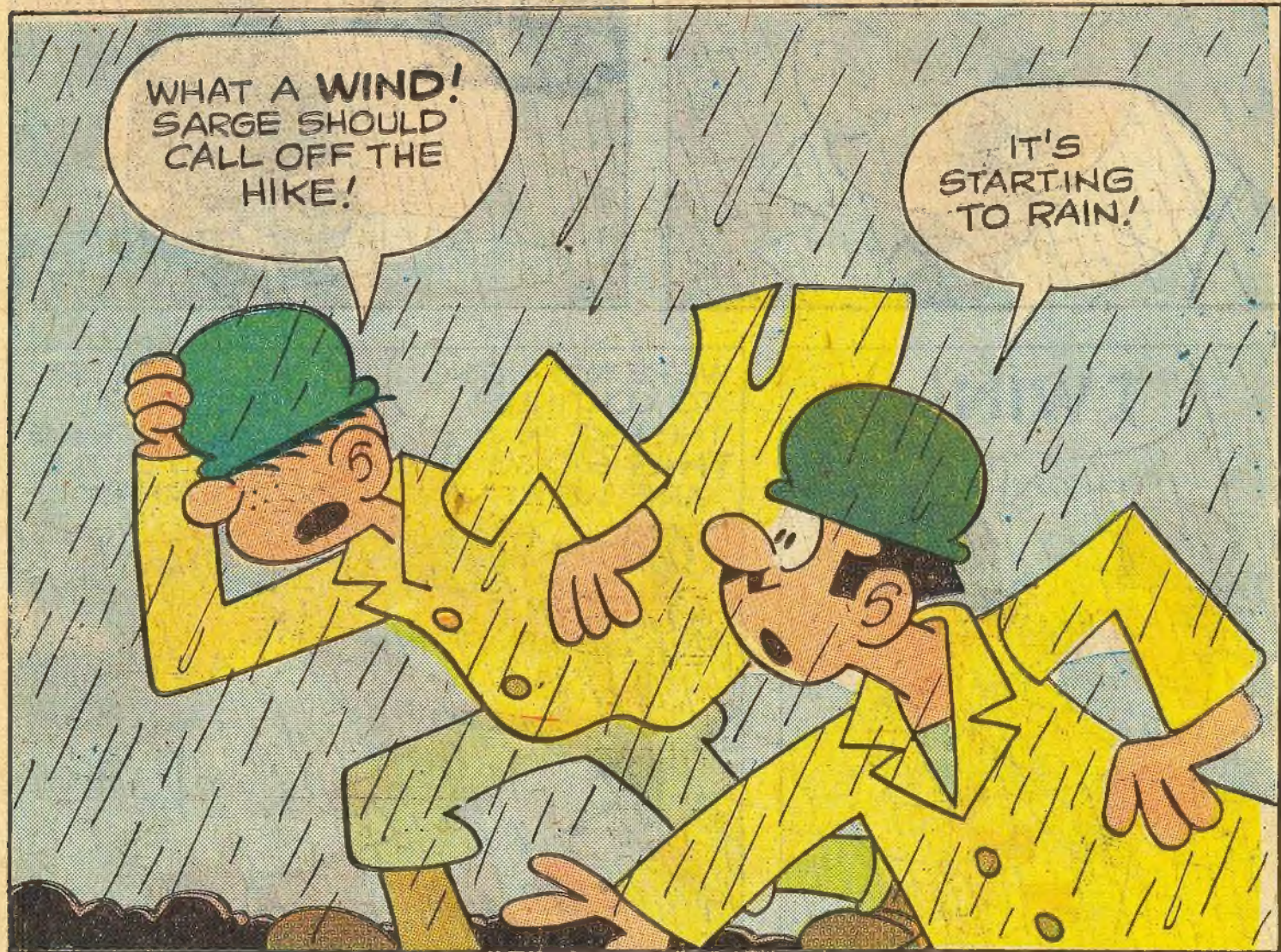
I CAN LAST IN
HERE AS LONG
AS YOU CAN!

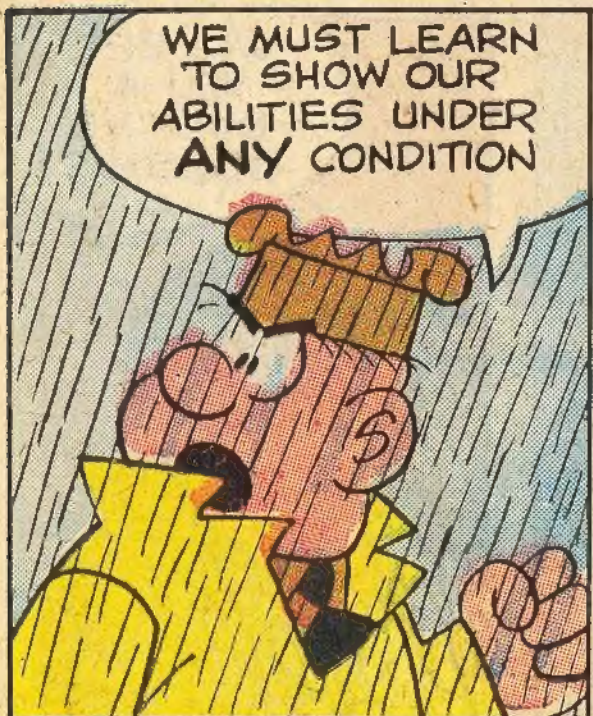
WHEN DID YOU
PUT IN AIR
CONDITIONING?



END

Rain Check





NOTHING STOPS
SARGE FROM HIS
INTENDED COURSE!

QUIET BACK
THERE! WHO'S
POPPING HIS
GUM?!

BAM

HOLD IT, BEETLE!
NO ONE GAVE
YOU PERMISSION
TO BREAK
RANKS!

WAIT! TURN BACK,
MEN! LET'S RETURN
TO CAMP
IMMEDIATELY

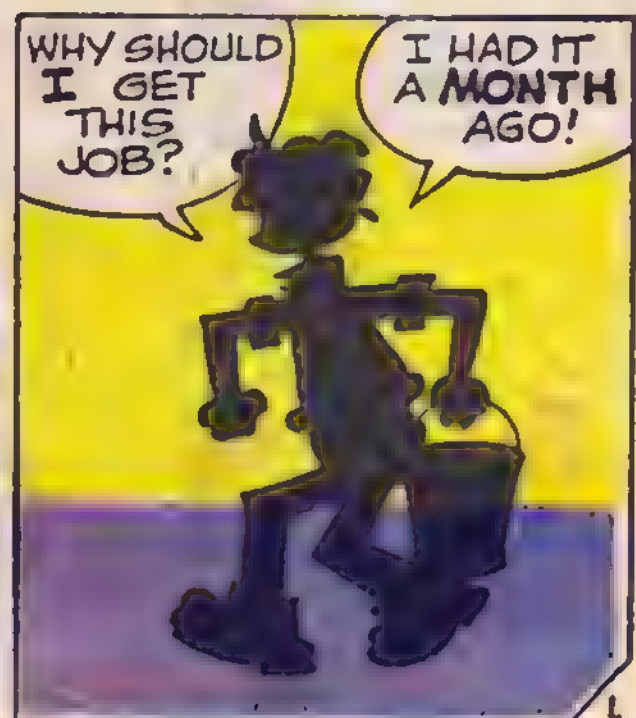
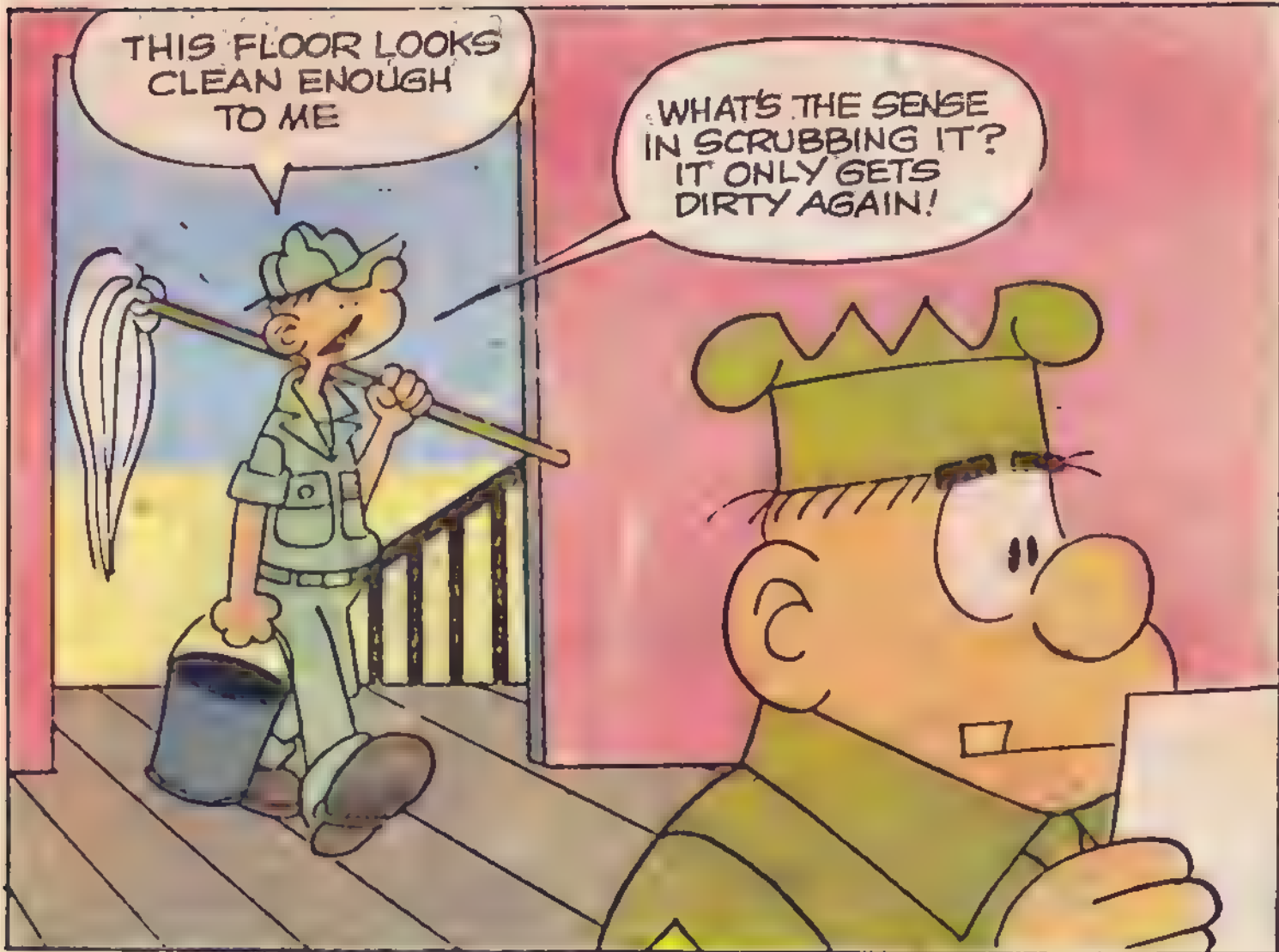
WELL, HE
FINALLY
GOT SOME
SENSE

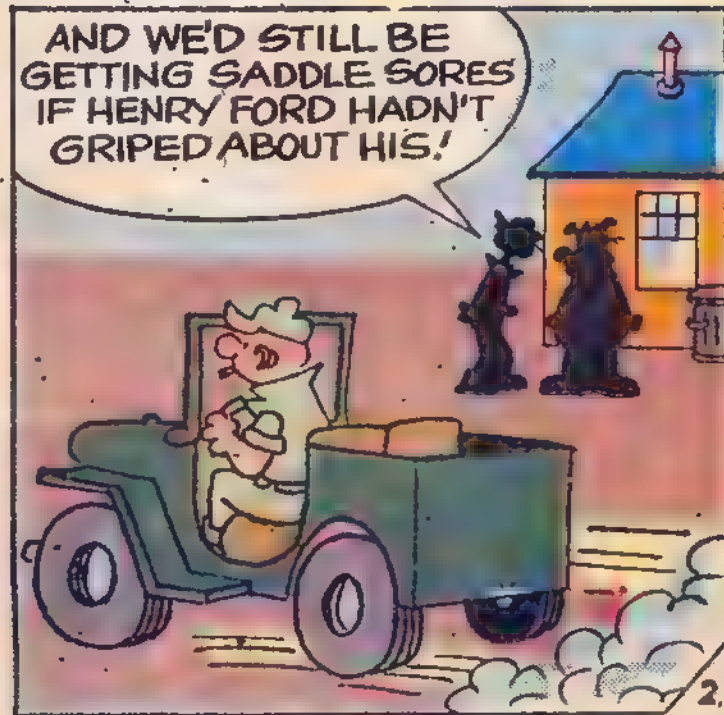
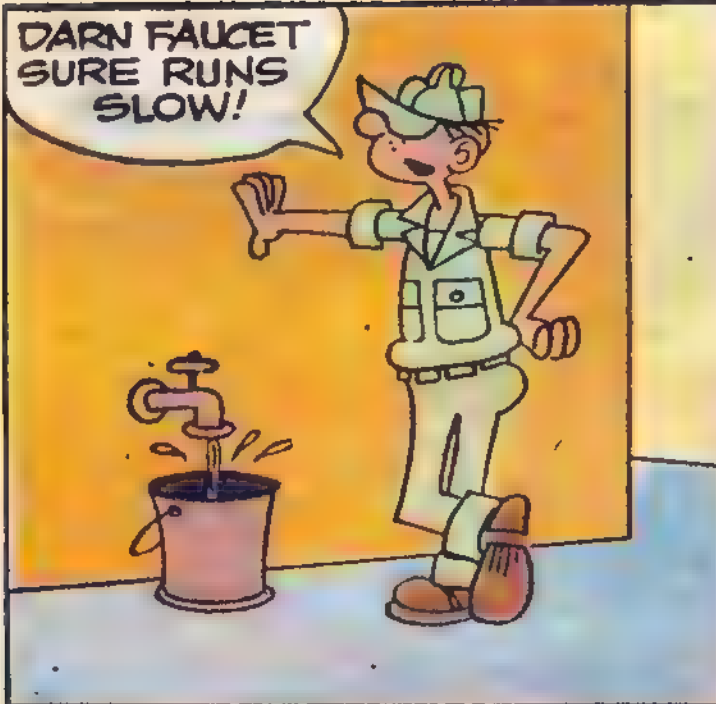
I FORGOT--

THIS IS THE DAY
WE'RE SUPPOSED
TO WATER THE
GENERAL'S
GARDEN!

END

Gripping Time

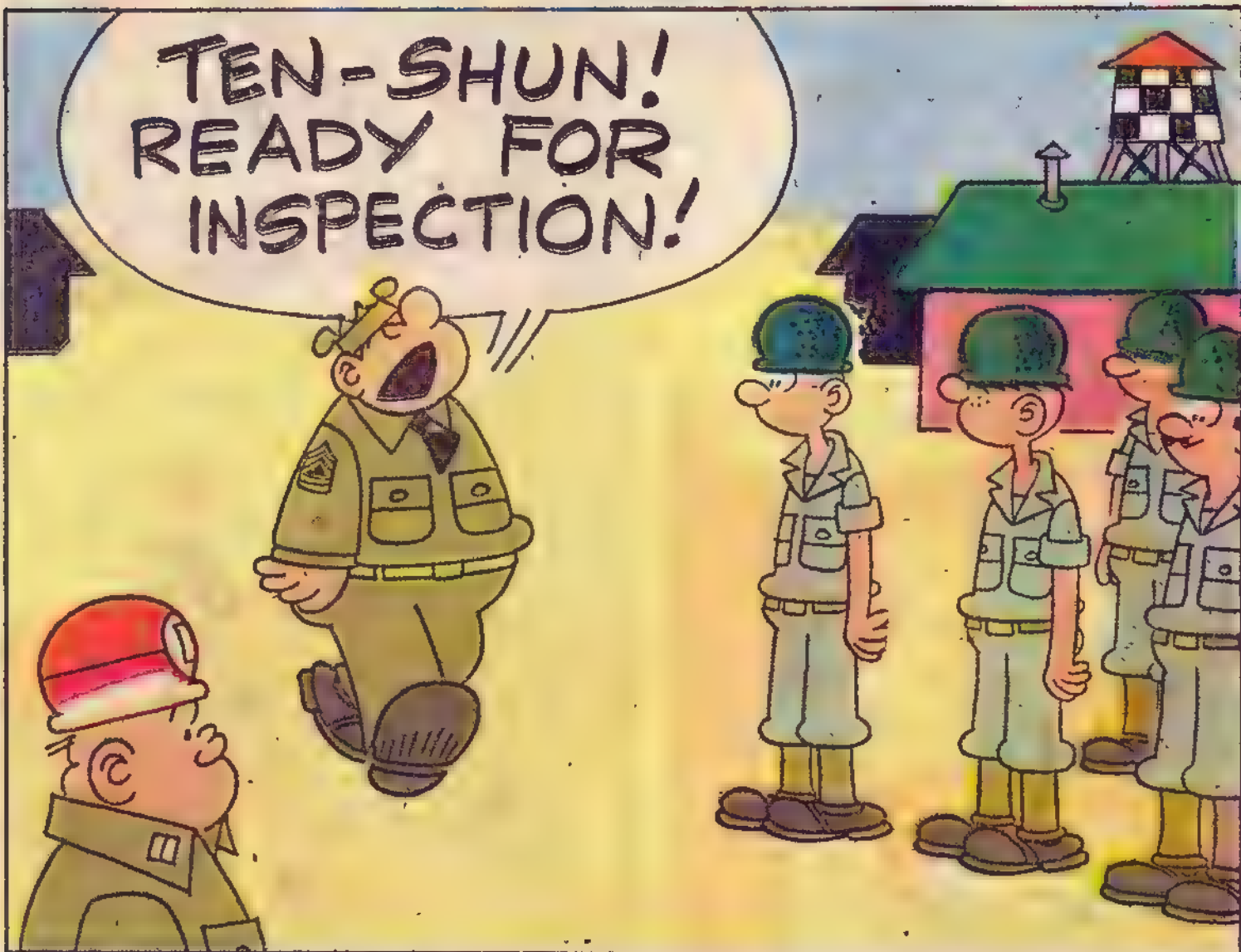






The COOL GENERAL

TEN-SHUN!
READY FOR
INSPECTION!



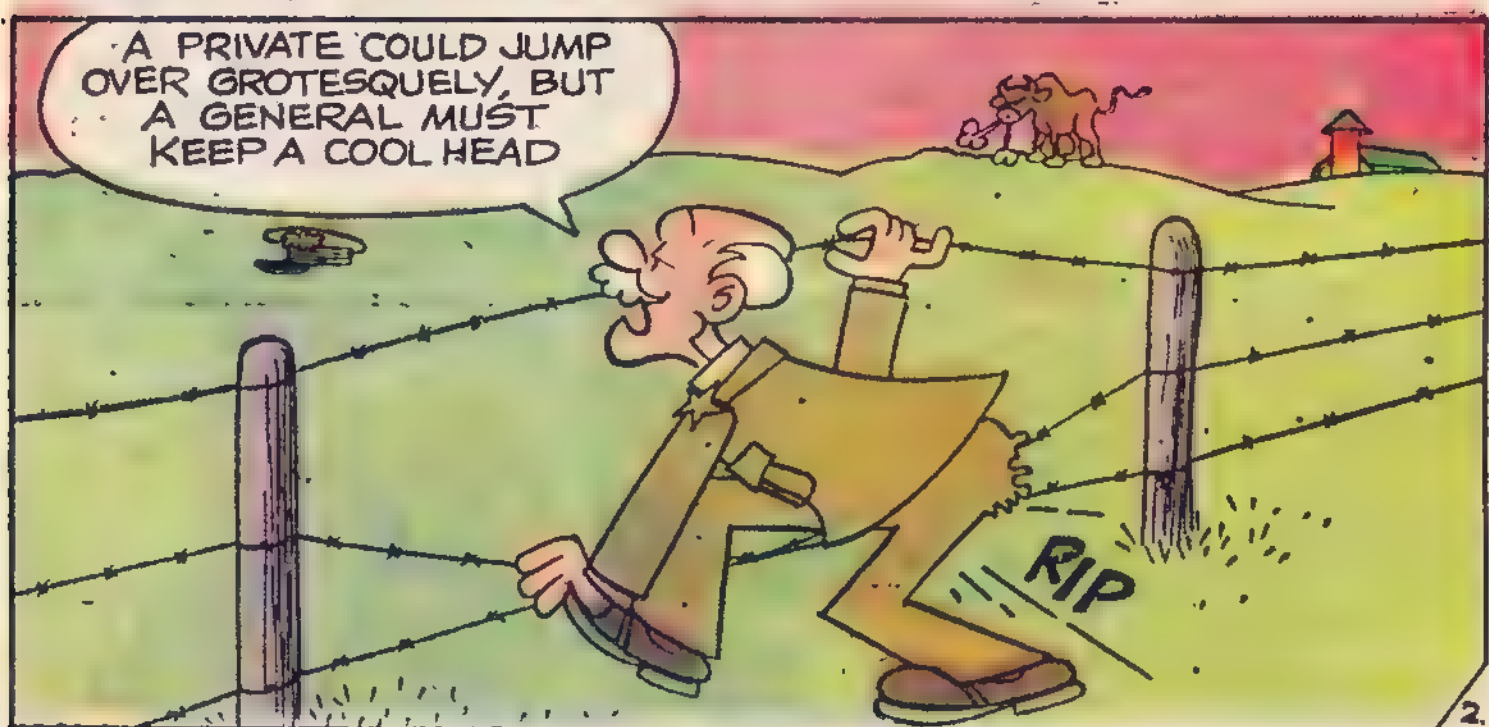
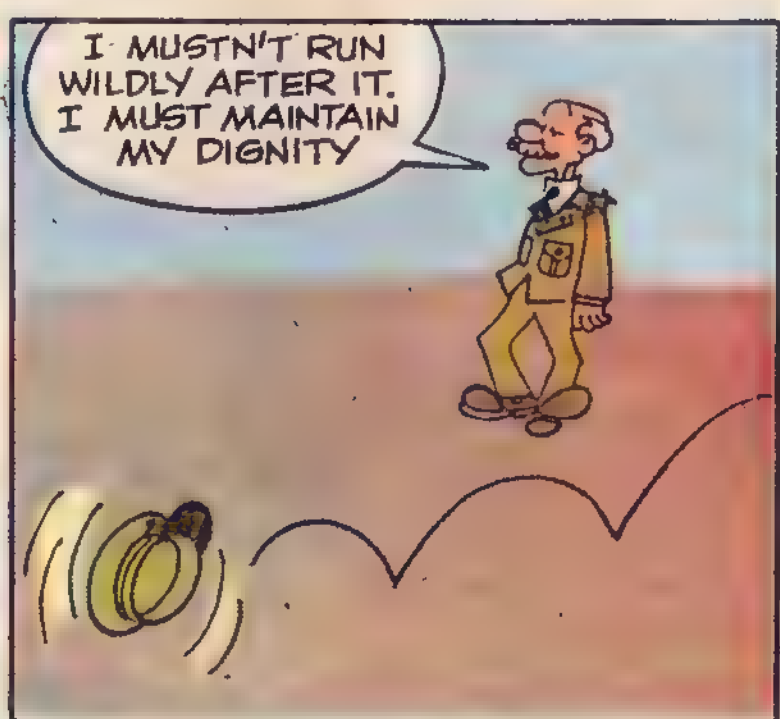
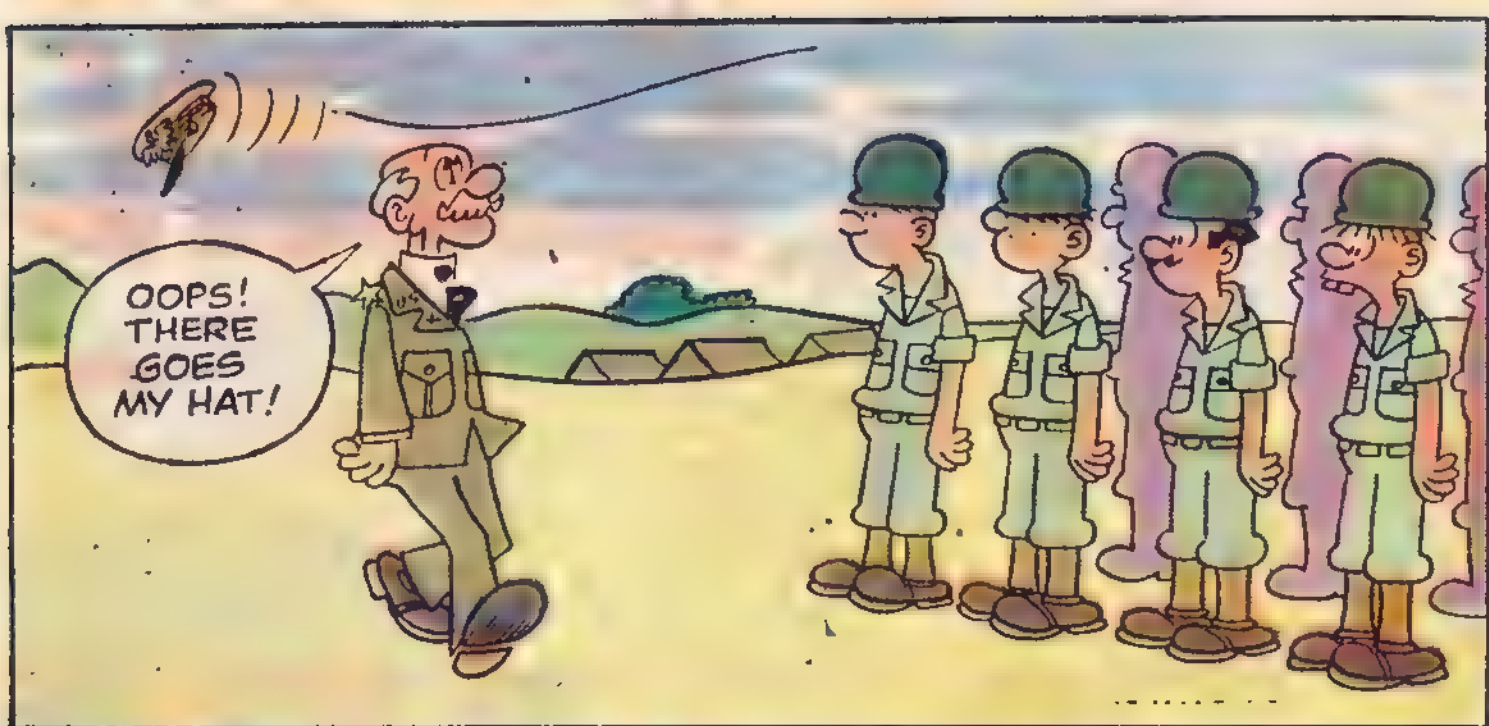
HERE COMES
THE GENERAL
NOW, SIR

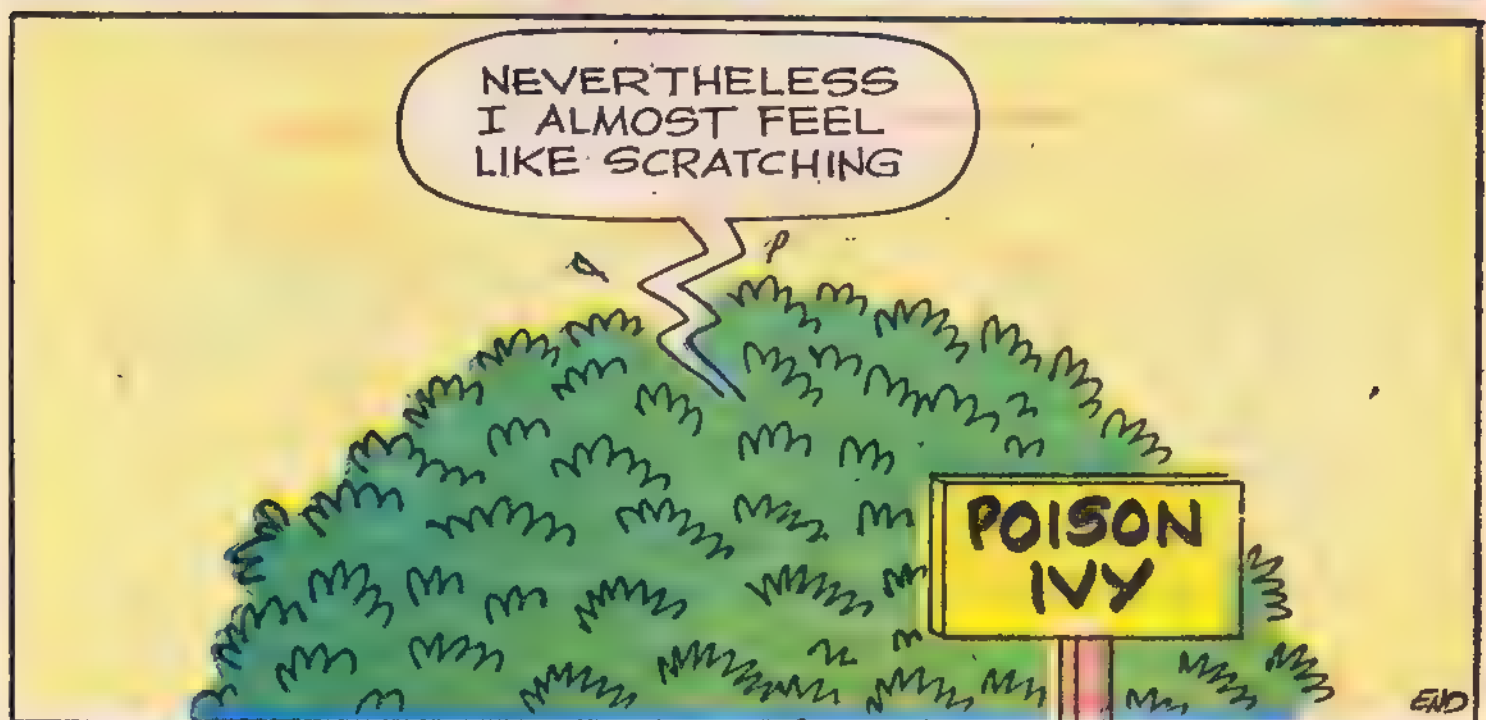
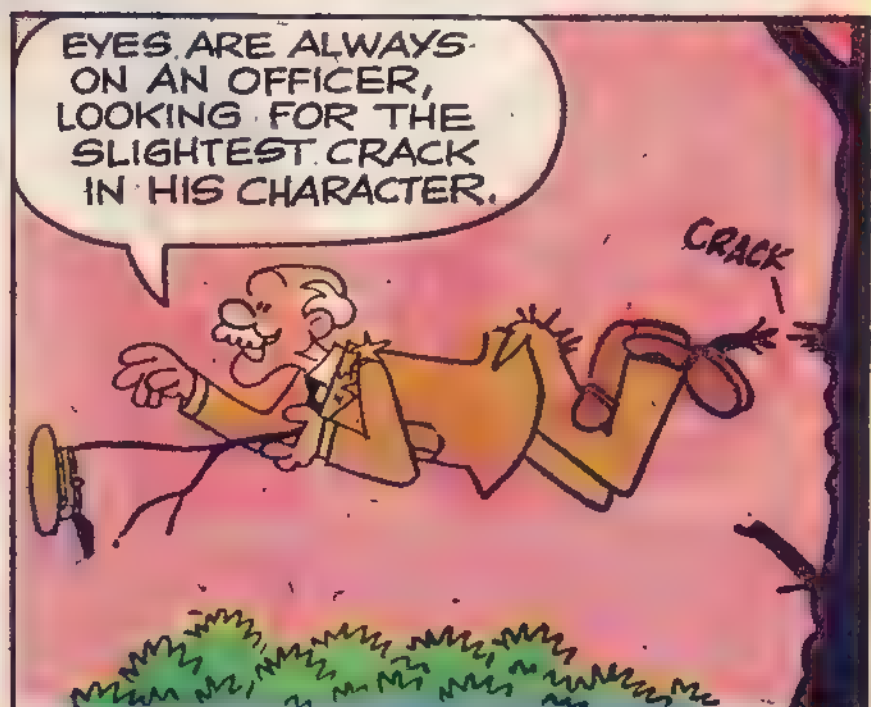
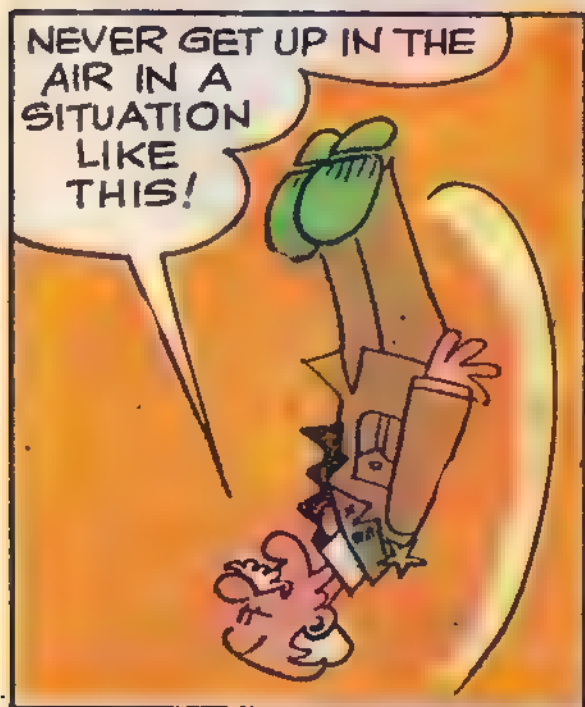
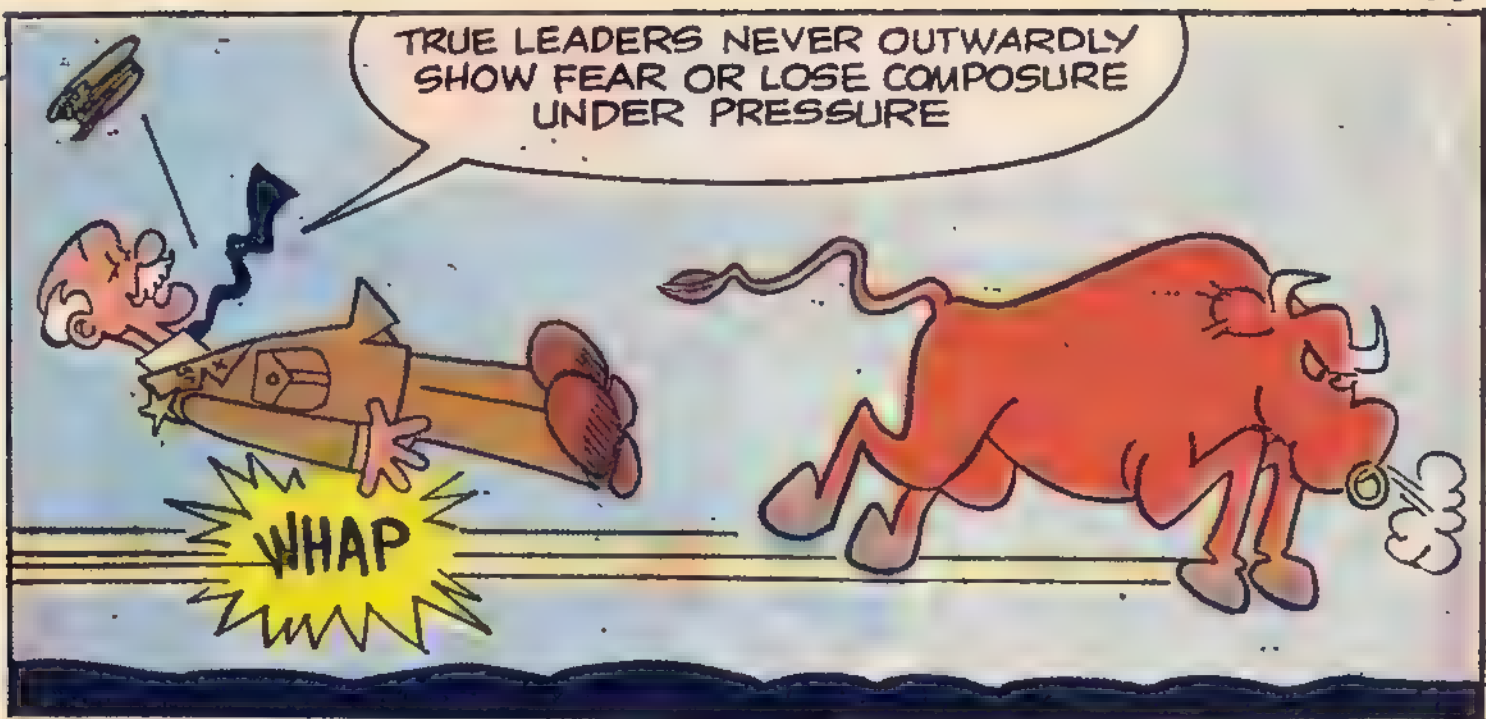
LOOK AT THAT
SWAGGER, HE'S
EVERY INCH
A GENERAL



YEAH,
IF YOU LIKE
SHORT
RULERS

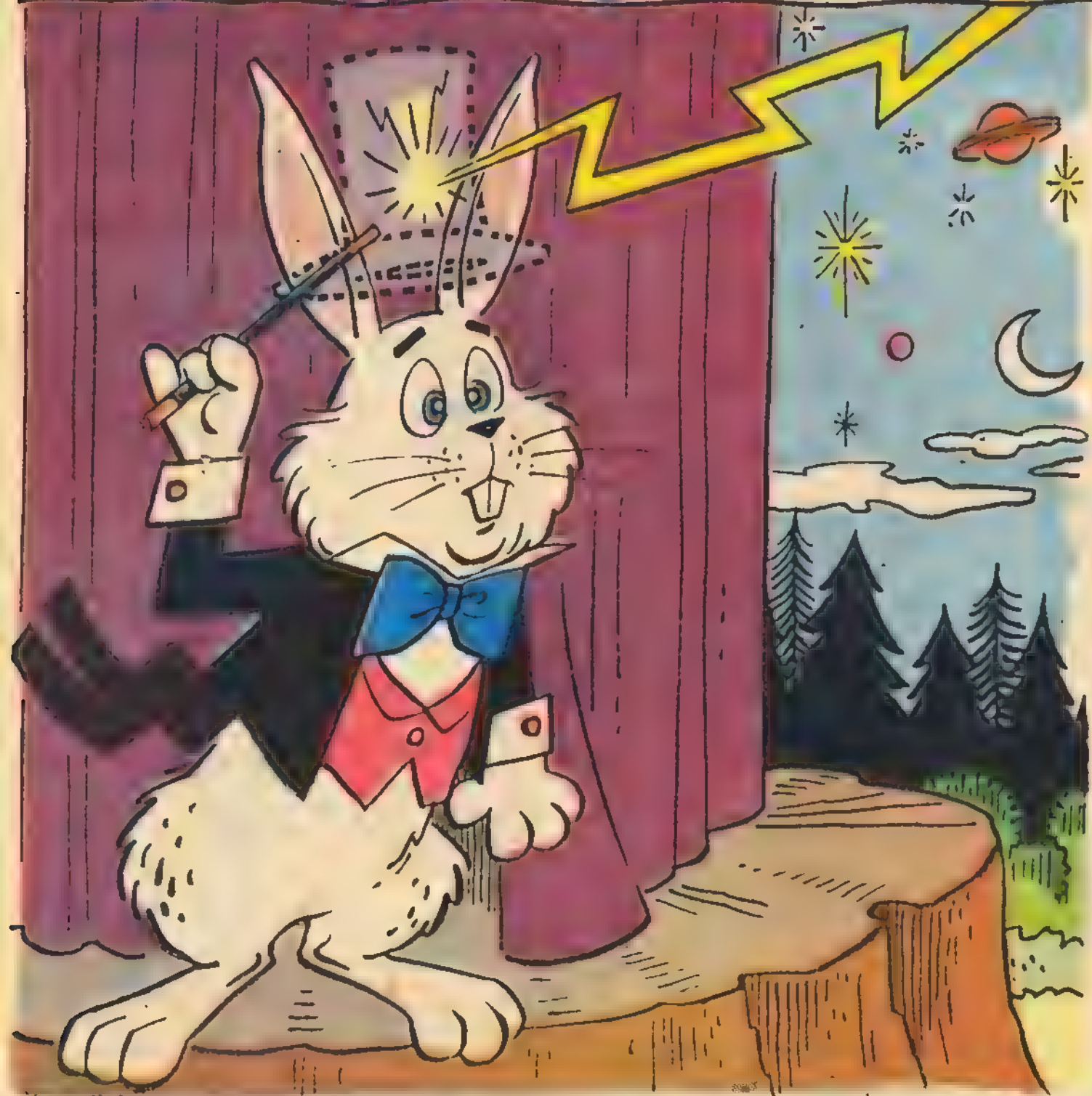






The Disappearing Act

STORY BY:
M.J. PELLOWSKI



Max the magic rabbit was doing a special benefit show for the "Under-privileged Otter's Fund". All of the swamp animals paid their money to see the world-renowned magician perform his feats of magic. Since the show was for a worthy cause, the animals didn't mind watching the same act they'd seen a dozen times before. It wasn't that Max wasn't a good magician, it was the fact that Max performed the same tricks over and over again that usually put the audience to sleep.

"Max is a good magician but he is not a great one," said a sleepy-eyed owl who was dozing off before the show even started. "He does the same tricks over and over again. I have seen him pull a make believe man out of his hat a dozen times. It's always the same, old thing," agreed a groundhog. A beaver gnawing on a

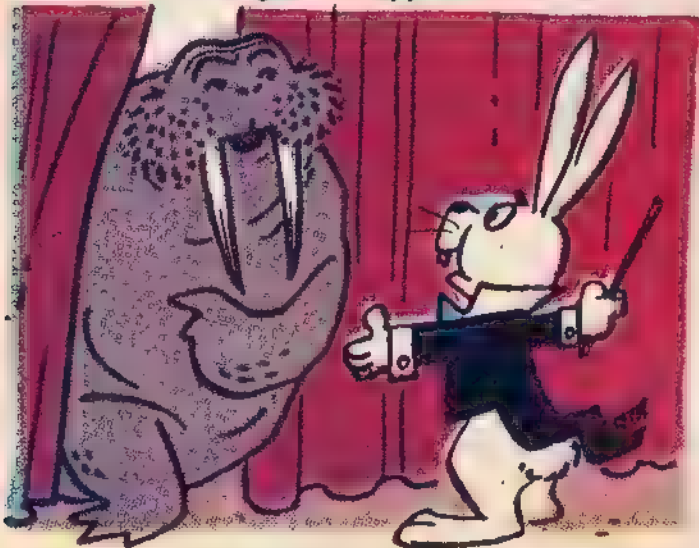
piece of bark nodded in agreement. "If he pulls scarves out of his ears one more time I'll get sick to my stomach," called a snapping turtle.

The animals didn't know that Max and his assistants, Waldo the Walrus and Bunny Rabbit, were behind the stage curtain listening to their complaints. "They're right" sighed Max tossing aside the knotted scarves he had intended to pull out of his ears. "My act is stale!" "A stale act is better than no act at all," said Waldo. Max leered at his blubbery partner. "Maybe you can come up with new tricks before showtime," suggested Bunny. "That's it" shouted Max. "I'll go to my dressing room and practice new tricks before showtime. Waldo, you and Bunny stall the audience," ordered Max as he hopped into his

dressing room.

Inside the room, Max tried a dozen new tricks and every one failed miserably. He poured water into his top hat and ruined it when the water didn't disappear. He put his watch inside a knotted handkerchief and smacked it with a hammer. He ended up with a missed trick and a bunch of springs, wheels and busted gadgets that used to be his good watch. He was desperate. He looked out the window of his hollow log, dressing room. The stars were twinkling above.

"I wish I could do real magic even if it was for only one night," he wished. Suddenly, he was bathed in an eerie light. He felt a strange, tingling sensation. He picked up his magic wand and tapped his soggy top hat. "Presto-Change ... Disappear!" he ordered. The

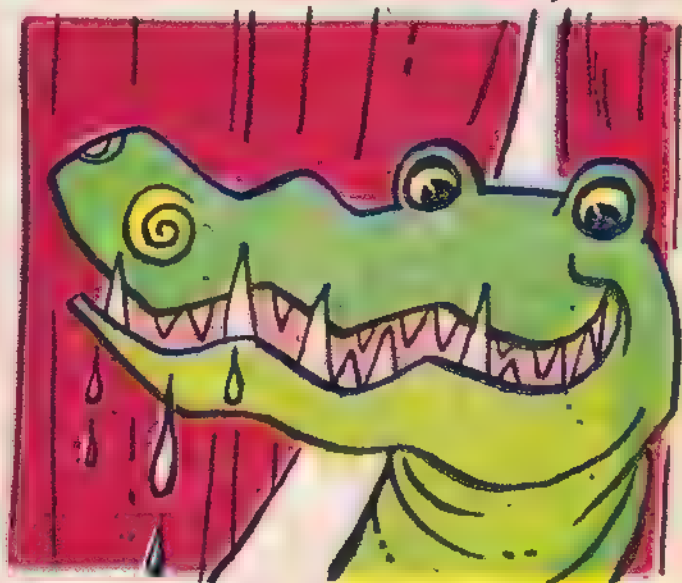


hat vanished in a puff of smoke. Just then Waldo burst in. "I hope you're ready because there's an angry audience expecting a terrific new trick!" he said. "I've got one for them!" exclaimed Max pushing past Waldo.

Max was introduced and went on stage. He did his usual tricks and everyone yawned. "Now for my new trick. I'll make this piece of wood disappear," said Max as he picked up the piece of discarded bark the beaver had been gnawing on. Everyone was surprised including Waldo and Bunny. The audience sat up in their seats and opened their eyes wide. "Presto-

Change ... Disappear!" ordered Max as he tapped the wood with his wand. Nothing happened. Something was wrong. He tried again and still nothing happened. Max didn't understand. Everyone laughed at first and then they began to boo. They didn't mind seeing old tricks but they didn't like being fooled.

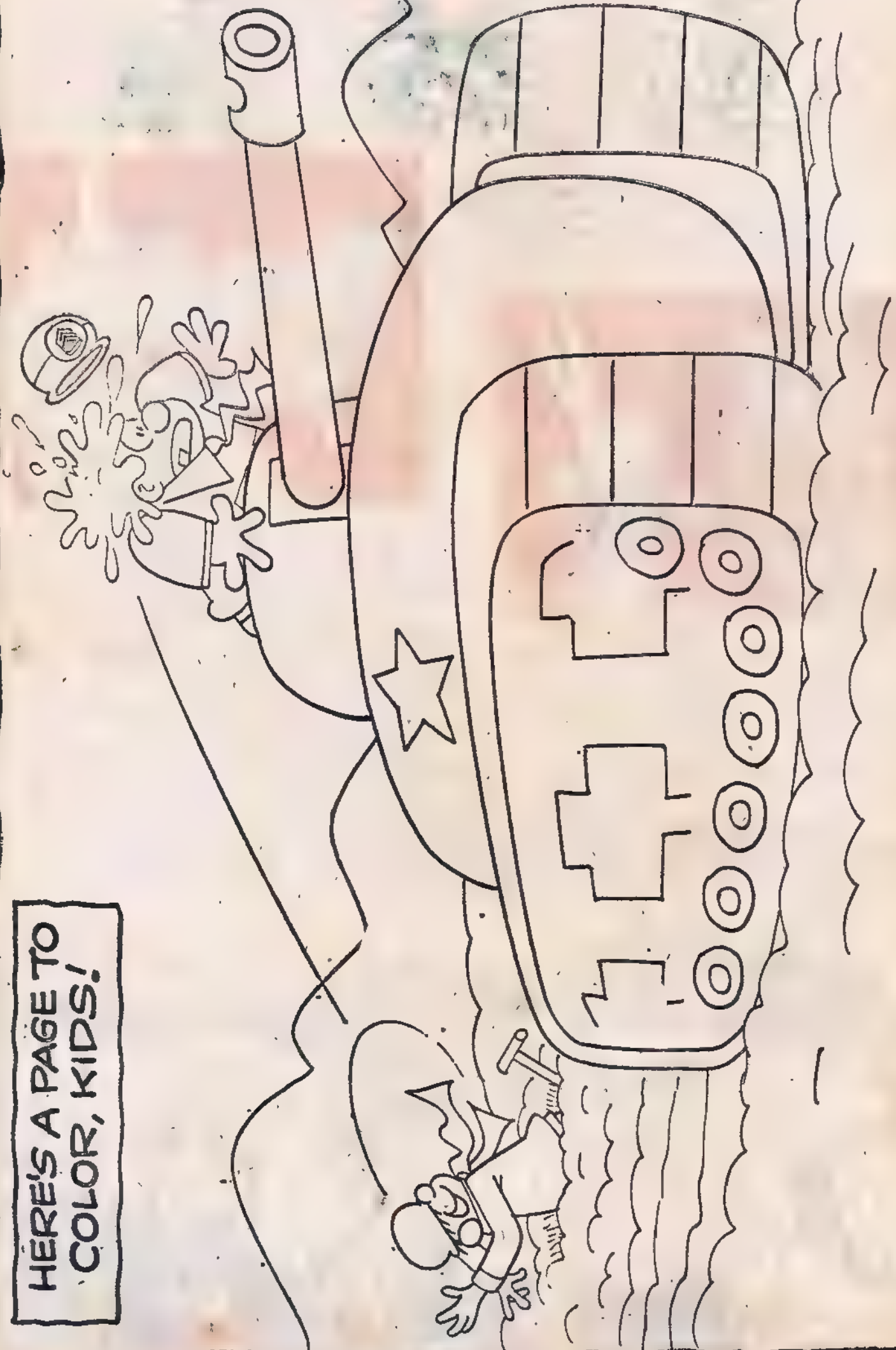
They were booing so loudly that they didn't hear their old enemy the mean, nasty, swamp alligator creep into the theater. He blocked the only exit and



yelled out a threat to the animals who were still watching Max hammering on the wood with his wand. "I'm hungry!" yelled the alligator as he opened his jaws and flashed his gleaming, sharp teeth. "...and you are all going to be my dinner!" All of the animals huddled together and trembled in fear. There was no possible escape. Suddenly, Max pushed through the crowd and ran towards the alligator. "Where are you going?!" called Waldo. "He'll eat you!" "It's our only hope," answered Max. The alligator opened his jaws to swallow Max. Bunny Rabbit screamed. Max quickly tapped the alligator's nose with his magic wand. "Presto-Change ... Disappear!" ordered Max, the Magic Rabbit. There was a clap of thunder and a blinding flash of light. When the smoke cleared, the alligator was gone. Everyone cheered and applauded. Max not only performed his new trick, he also saved all of his friends' lives.

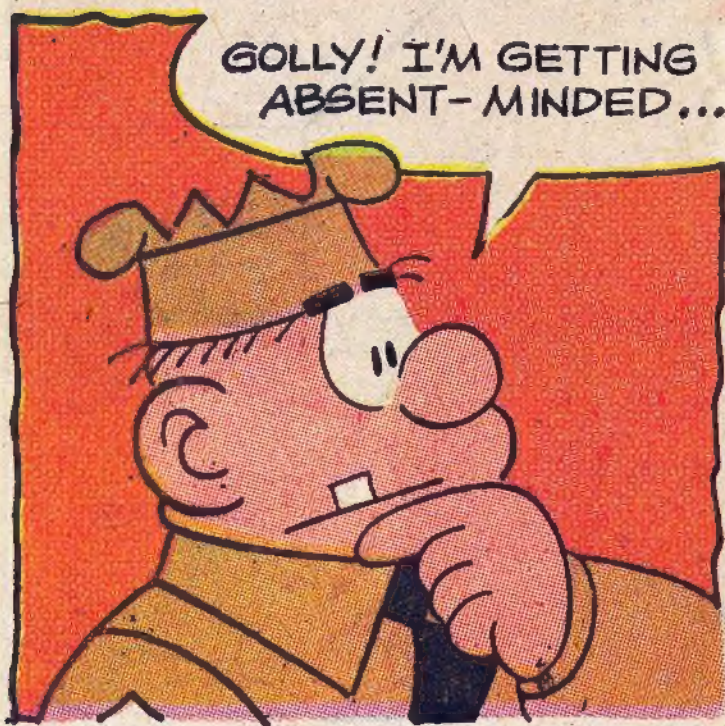


HERE'S A PAGE TO
COLOR, KIDS!



The SURPRISE PARTY

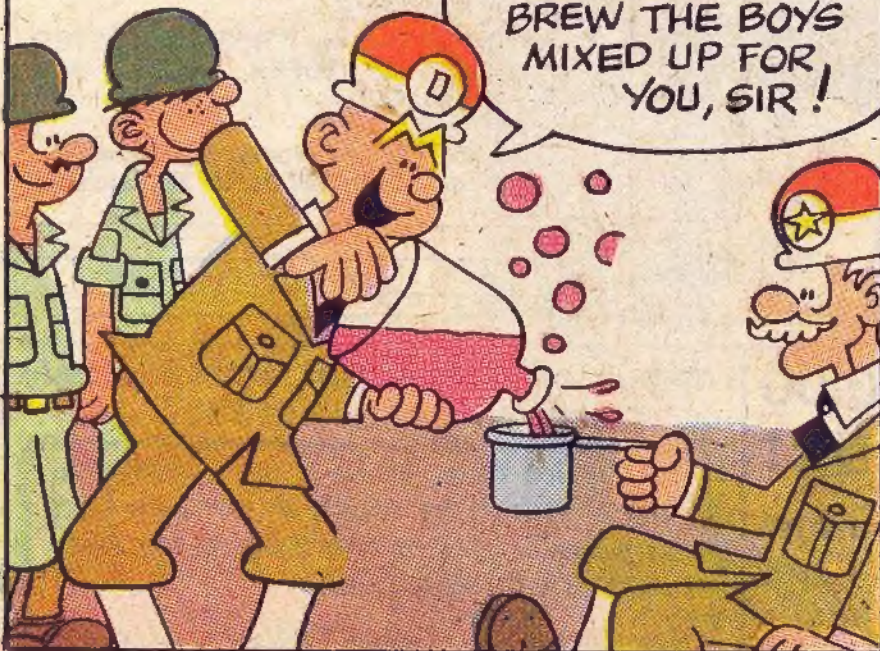




HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
♪ HAPPY BIRTHDAY
DEAR GENERAL ♪



A SPECIAL LITTLE
BREW THE BOYS
MIXED UP FOR
YOU, SIR!



AND NOW FOR
THE SHOW!



♪ CAN-CAN

CAN-CAN ♪



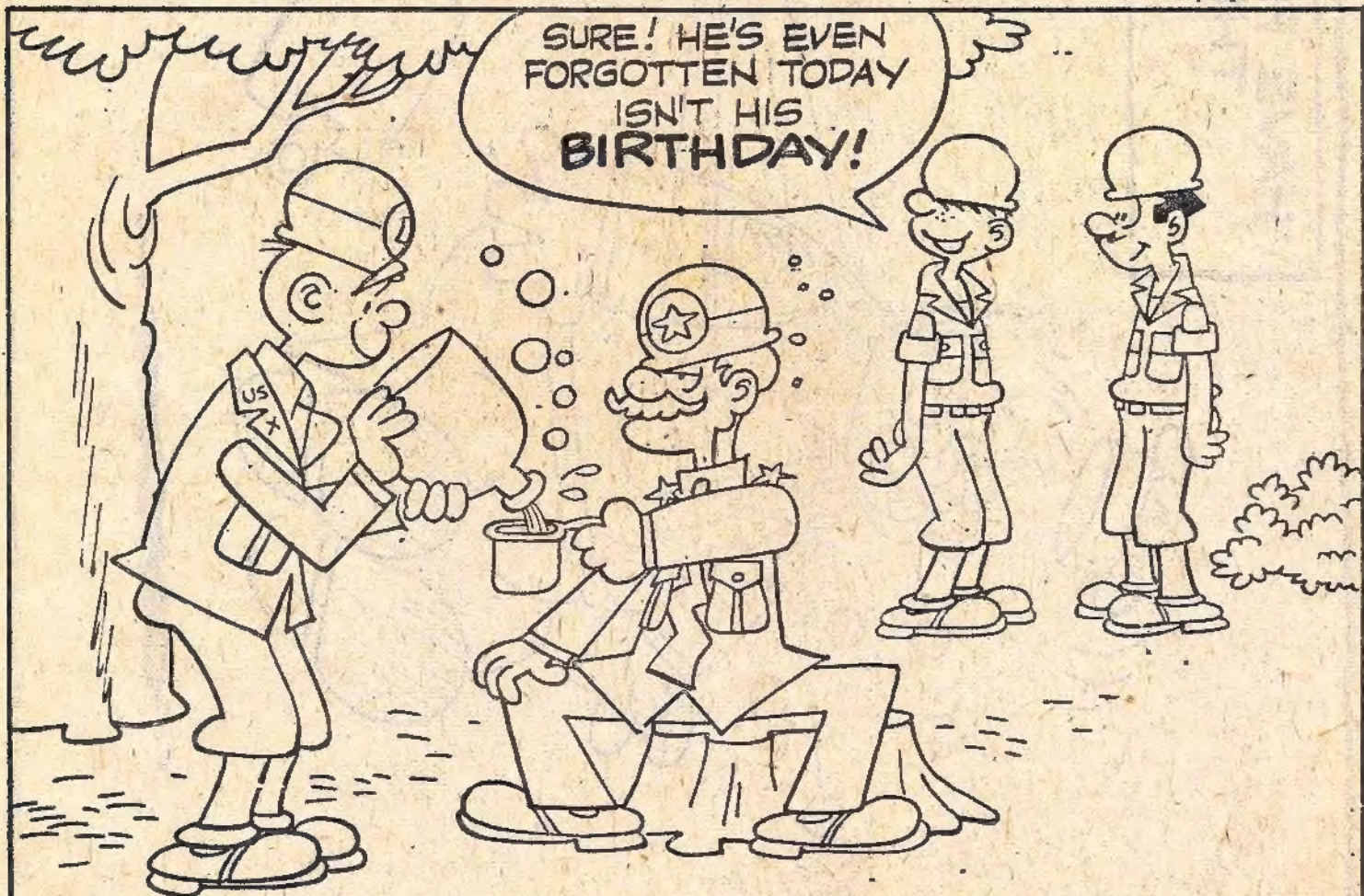
FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME
ON THE WAY TO MY
FOXHOLE THIS
MORNING

LOOK AT HIS
FACE! HE'S
CARRIED
AWAY!

DO YOU
THINK HE'S
FORGOTTEN
THE HIKE
HE PLANNED
FOR TODAY?



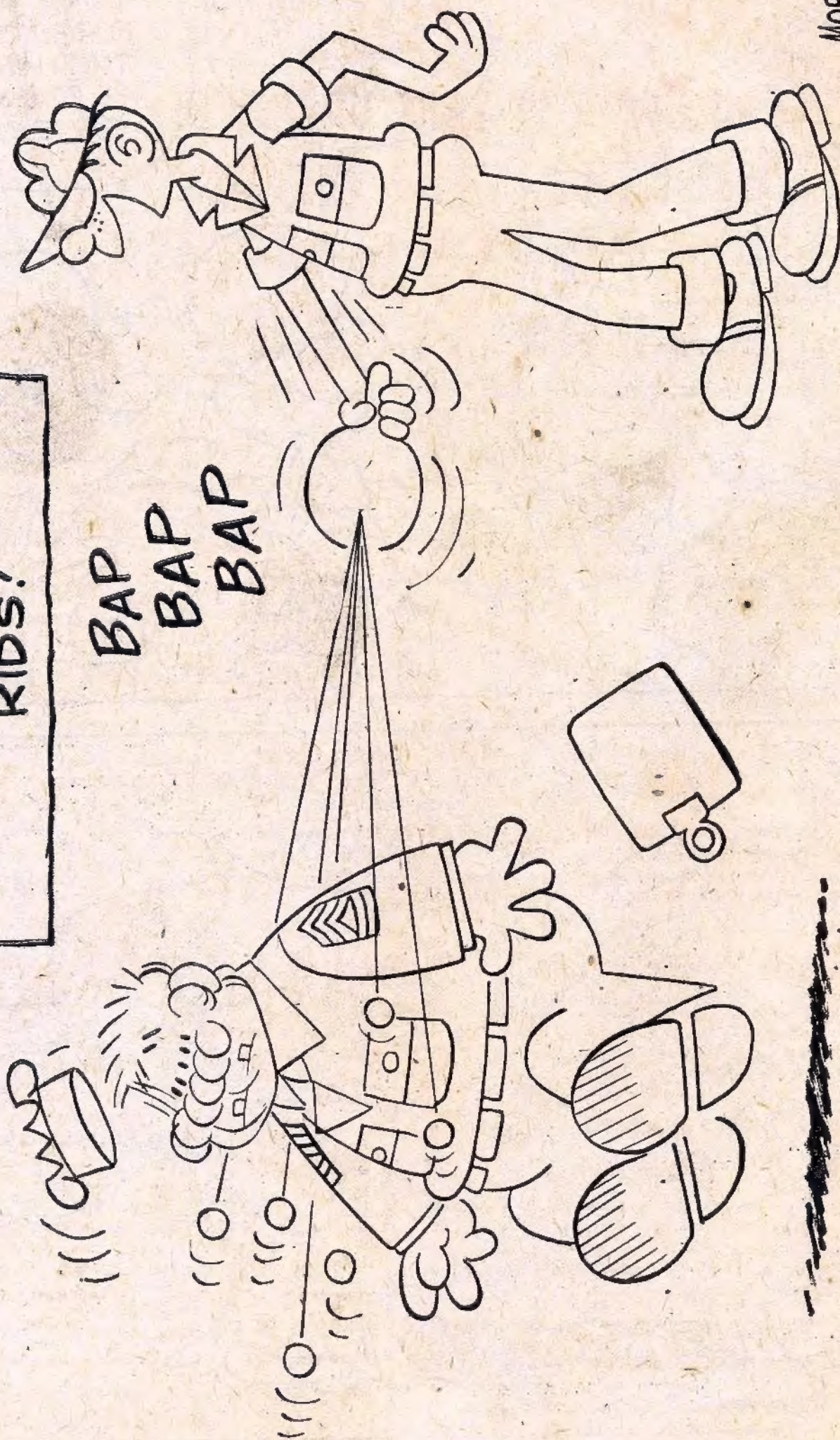
SURE! HE'S EVEN
FORGOTTEN TODAY
ISN'T HIS
BIRTHDAY!



HAVE FUN COLORING THESE TWO PANELS, KIDS!

END

HAVE FUN COLORING
THIS PAGE,
KIDS!



MORT
WALKER